A 516

Accessions
37.736

Shelf No.
4428.168

FOUNDED 1852
SICUT PATRIBUS SIT DEUS NOBIS
BOSTONIA
CONDITA A.D.
1630.
CIVITATIS REGIMINE DONATA A.D. 1822.
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Received July 20, 1892.

Heliotype Printing Co.

Boston Public Library

Do not write in this book or mark it with pen or pencil. Penalties for so doing are imposed by the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This book was issued to the borrower on the date last stamped below.

FORM NO. 609: 6.12.33: 575M.

"DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR VOTE!"

[Coming in town the other morning, by a Providence train, I started for the Worcester depot, through that broad street wherein one hundred and fifty-three rumshops testify to the solicitude of our Police Commissioners to provide necessary refreshment for our country visitors. On a handy corner I espied, deep in discussion, two old friends whom I had not seen for some time; and I felt authorized to join them. They were talking politics, of course; and I was content to listen. One was Deacon Whitney, an easy-going, liberal-minded old fellow, of whose political ideas I knew little; but, from his air of general content, and his good-nature in the talk, I judged that he belonged to the People's party. The other was Pat Sullivan, well known to me as a prosperous mechanic, and a Democrat to the backbone. I can't pretend to give the dialect which Pat used, but a few phrases did stick in my memory. The conversation ran about thus:]

Deacon. You say, Pat, that you won't throw away your vote. That is right. I know you won't sell it, and you will go to the polls. Now, what do you mean to do?

Pat. Well, Deacon, you know I always vote, and I always vote as a Democrat. Of course it was no fun, year after year, standing up to be knocked down. Just to go back to the war times: there was Andrew, and Bullock, and Claflin, and the Republicans burying us every year, 40,000, 50,000, any number you can name. But I went up every time, and voted; for, sure, I wouldn't throw my vote away. Well, 1872 was a caution. Grant beat Greeley 70,000 votes, and that seemed to be the bottom. So we held on, and in 1874 we got our innings. Gaston got 96,300 votes, and Talbot got left with 89,300. You see, sir, that sticking to it wins in the end.

Deacon. Well, Pat, of course Gaston had your vote that time.

Pat. He did.

Deacon. And, next year, of course you did not throw your vote away, but you went again for the winning side and Gaston.

Pat. For Gaston, is it? The naygur! I did *not*, sir. Sure you're joking. Would I vote for him a second time? Didn't he sell us out, and go back on his friends? No, sir: I would have called that throwing away my vote. We left Mr. Gaston at home; and maybe I voted for Baker, and maybe not; but there was enough of us voted to have put him in if we chose.

Deacon. And then what?

Pat. Sure, I voted the straight ticket in '76 and '77. And in '78 the old man Butler went up to Worcester, and he captured the convention. But I didn't like to leave the old party, so I went as a delegate to the Faneuil Hall convention. Sure, we had all the leaders. There was Prince, and Abbott, and Bird, and Collins, and Avery, and Fitzgerald, and Adams, and

maybe Gaston, and all the rest. So we voted that we was the party, and we put up Abbott; and of course I wouldn't throw my vote away with voting for any minority, so I stuck to Abbott.

Deacon. And of course you won.

Pat. Well, one side of us Democrats polled 109,400 votes, and the other 10,100. Sure, it was eleven to one.

Deacon. Abbott got the 110,000, I suppose.

Pat. Sure you know he did *not!* But he got my vote.

Deacon. At all events, you followed good advice, and didn't throw your vote away.

Pat. Maybe not, but sometimes I think I came mighty near it.

Deacon. And next?

Pat. The next year is it? Sure in 1879 we all went for Ben. Long beat him; but if them old Bourbons hadn't stood out, Ben would have been governor that year.

Deacon. Well, that time you threw your vote away.

Pat. No, sir! Ben was the man we wanted; and if we got licked, it made no odds. Sure there's a principle in these things; and after being in a minority for twenty years, I wasn't afraid to be there again, rather than go back on my choice.

Deacon. How about 1880 and 1881?

Pat. I voted for Thompson, for the old man wouldn't run. But it was no use. When Ben was out of the fight, the fun was gone. I think we were about 40,000 votes behind, but I didn't mind especially.

Deacon. And 1882?

Pat. '82, is it? That was the year Butler came back; and he stumped the State. You've got the figures, Deacon: give 'em to me now.'

Deacon. Butler, 134,000; Bishop, 120,000; all others, 2,000.

Pat. It's raysonable to judge that I didn't throw away my

vote that year, nor the next year neither. In '83 we gave him 150,000 votes.

Deacon. And of course that elected him.

Pat. Now, Deacon, you're saying that to anger me. Don't you know that Robinson got 160,000? Don't you and I and every one know that the old Bourbons backcapped the general? Didn't Boston drop off the vote from 13,000 plurality down to 6,000? Wasn't there treachery and selling-out, to please the gang? Didn't the same men go to Chicago, and knife him again? Didn't they come back here and insult him? Didn't the Boston boss say he had got his foot on the old man's neck? Didn't they force him into a fight, not for himself but for his party, his friends, and his principles? Sure you're a nice man, Deacon; but don't talk to me about the last election, nor the doings of the gang this year.

Deacon. Why, then, Pat, I presume that you are a Butler man, and have joined the People's party. You live in my ward, but I don't remember your name in the list.

Pat (*cooling down evidently, and looking sheepish*). I've not signed it *yet*. Faix, you see, I don't want to throw away my vote; and they are after telling me that Butler has no show, nor McCafferty nayther, and that Cleveland is bound to win.

Deacon. Is that so? Who's telling you this?

Pat. "The Boston Post" says so, and Abbott and French and Collins and Prince and Curran, and Simmons and Fitzgerald, and Avery, and Babbitt and Taylor, and Hobbs and Jenks, and Maguire and Cunniff, and — that's about all I remember just now.

Deacon. Some of them thought just so in 1878, and advised you to go against Butler then.

Pat. You're right, sir: they did.

Deacon. And some of them worked to defeat Butler last year?

Pat. No doubt.

Deacon. They are very good advisers, then, for you to follow.

Pat. But I won't throw away my vote.

Deacon. Well, Pat, I think I am entitled to the floor now for a few minutes. I admire your pluck; and I agree with you, that no man ought to throw away his vote. But what is it that makes the vote thrown away? Take your own case. In 1874 you voted for Gaston, and elected him; but you threw away your vote, as you say yourself. An open enemy is better than a treacherous friend. In 1878 you threw away your vote; for you went against your principles and your best friend to please the Bourbons, and to have the right to call yourself a Democrat.

You voted for Butler last year; and you say you didn't throw away your vote, though he was defeated. And this year you hesitate to do the same, because the same old Bourbons give you the old advice, and try the old scare.

Man alive! don't you see that you throw away your vote, when you desert your principles, and stick to a label instead of the fact? Will a vote for Endicott be more Democratic than a vote for McCafferty? Don't you feel that your State government is nearer to you than the National government?

Pat. Well, sir, I was thinking myself of "pasting" for McCafferty, and maybe some more.

Deacon. That shows that you haven't got the wool pulled all over your eyes. But look a step farther. Do you want to elect Grover Cleveland? Why should you? His warmest supporters, his real owners, are the Free-Traders. Do you want England to shut up our factories and work-shops, to supply us with all our manufactures at prices low to-day, but rising every year as competition here is silenced? Do you desire to

increase the commercial prosperity of the manufacturers, and thus the landlords, of England?

Pat. Is it to help English cotton-lords and landlords you say? Isn't my name Sullivan? ain't I a Land-Leaguer? wasn't I born — no matter where, but across the water? What nonsense are you talking to me?

Deacon. Pat, as sure as you stand there, it's just what your vote will do. What do you care yourself for Cleveland? Did you ever see him? Did you ever hear of him three years ago? Do you expect to be sent to Congress, or to get a job in the Custom House, if he wins?

Pat. You know very well I earn my own living, and I wouldn't seek an office to keep out of the poor-house.

Deacon. But if you look over the list of the men who advise you to work for Cleveland, do you see any office-holder?

Pat. Begorra, most of them has got a job, and most of them has always been after one.

Deacon. Then, friend Pat, don't you see why their advice is selfish? With your vote to help them, they hope to be the office-holders under Cleveland. Had Butler been nominated at Chicago, they would have urged you to vote for him, and not throw away your vote, even if they knew Blaine would sweep Massachusetts. And why? Because the national offices in a State go to the leaders, whether the State is for or against the party. Do you remember "The Post" and the old Democratic leaders, Greene, Whitney, Henshaw, and the rest? When the State was Whig, and the country Democratic, didn't they get the offices, and didn't they keep the Democratic party here conveniently small? Can't you see, Pat, why they want you to vote for Cleveland, though he will be the third man at the polls in this State? You can help them to an easy office; and, at the same time, you will shut off your own chance of a living, by voting for British free trade.

Pat. What's that you say about Cleveland being third?

Deacon. Never mind, though it's true. In this State, Butler will beat Cleveland, and *may* beat Blaine. Down town the bets are all that way. No one doubts that McCafferty will beat Endicott. But the principle is the thing. You can't afford to vote for Cleveland, anyway. You will throw away your vote if you do, just as truly as you did when you voted for Gaston. And, moreover, I tell you, you will throw it away, just as you did in 1878, if you follow the same Bourbon advice. They are just as blind and stupid now as they were then; that is, the honest ones. The bosses, however, hope to get their pay in national offices, knowing full well that Cleveland can't hope for twenty thousand Democratic votes, and can only make a decent show by aid of the "mugwumps."

Pat. Well, Deacon, I don't know. Let me look at this, for I won't throw my vote away. If Endicott gets less than McCafferty (and by my sowl I think you're right), a vote for Endicott is thrown away. If Cleveland gets less than Butler, my vote is thrown away. But how can I be sure? It's true them Bourbons were all wrong in '78; it's clear they have raysons to talk as they do now, and this new People's party seems to start off with a rush. Call it doubtful, and what then? If I vote for Cleveland, I may vote for the next President, and that's glory, sure! And then I'll wake up some day, and find the shop shut, British goods filling the market, and the poor-house (save the mark!) ahead of me in my old age. That's a vote thrown away; or, worse, it's thrown dead against me, my friends, and my order.

I'm thinking that I best give the benefit of the doubt to the side where I belong. It's better to lose with Butler than win with Cleveland. There's a good deal in what the old man says, "A vote for principle is never thrown away."

Deacon, what were you saying about the headquarters of the

People's party in the ward? Is it open, and are there any old-liners there?

Deacon. Pat, my man, just come and see. You will find hundreds of the old Democrats there, — men who have worked the thing out just as you have done. And when you come there, you will easily see the grounds of my confidence in the certainty of Butler and McCafferty for second place at least.

Pat. Cleveland a bad third, is it? That settles it. I'm with you to-night.

[Hereupon they separated; and when I congratulated the Deacon on his convert, he took it very easily, saying he had not failed yet to convince any workingman that free trade was exclusively for the benefit of Old England, and meant ruin to New England.]

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

(Nov., 1891, 20,000)

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

One volume allowed at a time, and obtained only by card; to be kept 14 days (or seven days in the case of fiction and juvenile books published within one year) without fine; not to be renewed; to be reclaimed by messenger after 21 days, who will collect 25 cents besides fine of 2 cents a day, including Sundays and holidays; not to be lent out of the borrower's household, and not to be transferred; to be returned at this Hall.

Borrowers finding this book mutilated or unwarrantably defaced, are expected to report it; and also any undue delay in the delivery of books.

*** No claim can be established because of the failure of any notice, to or from the Library, through the mail.

The record below must not be made or altered by borrower.

.M. OCT 30